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# INTRIGUE.

A DRAMA IN

PROLOGUE AND FIVE ACTS.

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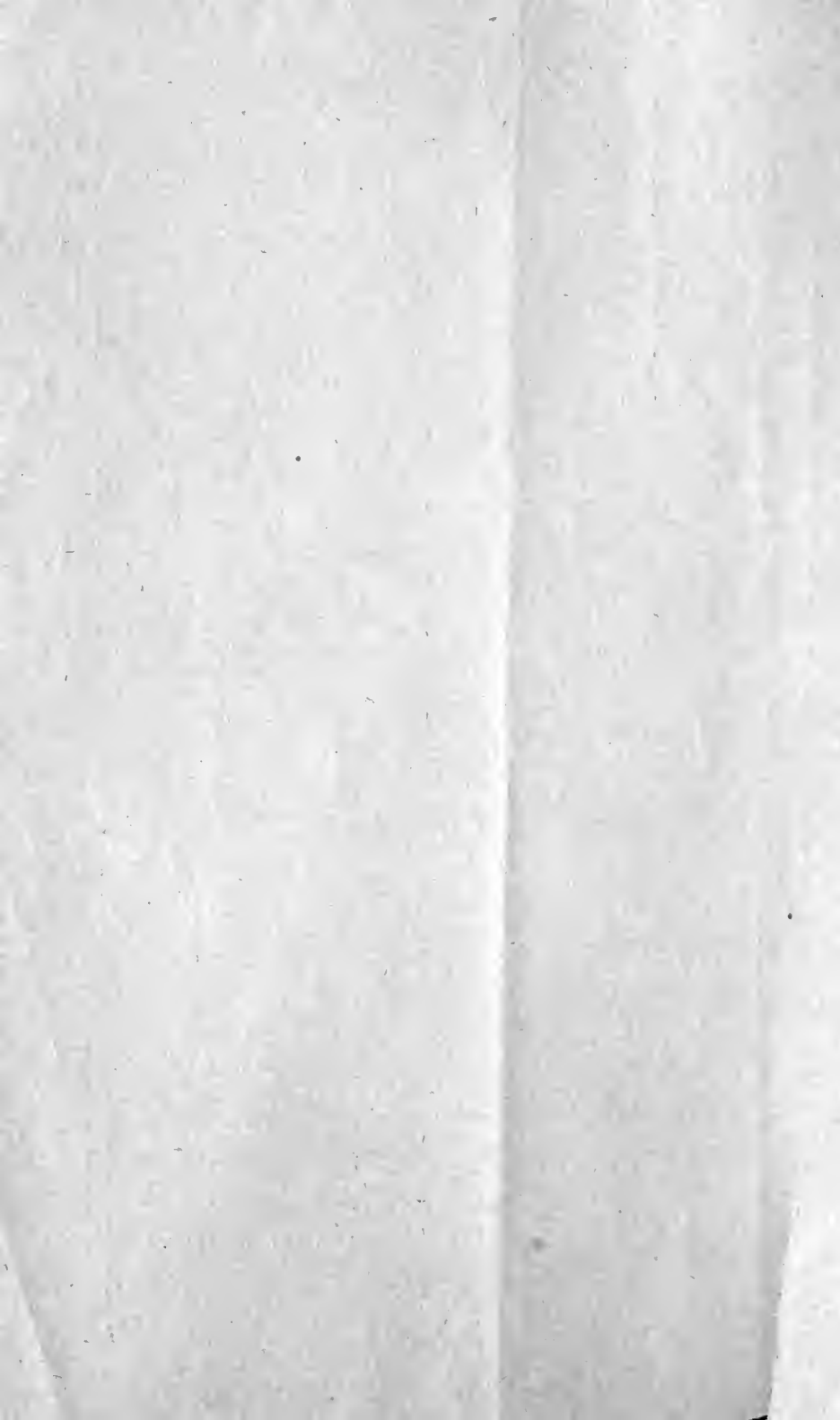
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# PROLOGUE.

## FORTUNE TELLING.

### CAST

GUST GOLDSCHMIDT,	- - -	German Immigrant.
GEO. WEST,	- - - - -	Intriguing Lawyer,
MILES MCCART,	- - - - -	Irish Footman
JACK WARD,	- - - - -	Highwayman.
BILL HUNT,	- - - - -	Pal to Jack.
CHIN SIN,	- - - - -	Chinaman.
ROSENA MILLER,	- - - - -	Harvest Maiden.
OLLIE WEST,	- - - - -	Cousin to George.
MOTHER WARD,	- - - - -	Fortune Teller.
NINA GOLDSCHMIDT,	- - - - -	Little Sister to Gust.
Traveler, Speculator, Preacher, Indians.		

### SCENE—CITY PARK.

*Enter Jack and Mother Ward [L], Jack with black eye ; she carrying camp stool, tray, coffee-pot, cups, saucers, etc. Mother spreads things on ground and sits on stool.*

*Jack.* Well, mother, I've just seed the ferry-boat, and thar's a big crowd of 'em. I tells yer. Tellin' of fortunes to-day ought to pay. Mind now, if any of yer customers acknowledges havin' got any swag, tip me the wink and I'll be on to 'em. I need some money in my business jest now. I'm a bruiser, and was busted last night. [*Displaying black eye.*]

*Mother.* Times good, money plenty; times bad, the devil's to pay, and we go without liquor all day. There's money in fortunes, told just so, the customer may know—not all—only enough to tease, and then I bleed them as I please.

*Jack.* Yer a trump of a mother. Here comes a sucker. See if you can fruit him. [*Retires and lights cigar stump.*]

*Enter George, L.*

*Mother.* Mister, buy some coffee, and for a shilling I'll tell your fortune from the bottom of the cup.

*Geo. [Aside]* In luck. I'm just in the frame of mind this morning to

patronize such an institution as this. [*Aloud*] Nary darn cent but this madam. [*Hands mother money.*]

*Jack.* Nary draw there. He can't be touched. [*Sits down by tree and falls asleep.*]

*Geo.* I'de just like to know a few hints of my future, for I'm be damned if it isn't more than I can guess, in my present uncertain circumstances. Give us a cup of your erebus nectar, and lets see what's at the bottom of it. [*Mother pours coffee; he drinks; she examines grounds in bottom of cup and proceeds.*]

*Mother.* A very dark present—

*Geo.* Yes, damned dark.

*Mother.* And still darker future—

*Geo.* That's consoling.

*Mo.* Providing, you dispel the clouds as I direct—

*Geo.* Oh, certainly.

*Mo.* You will become a lawyer—

*Geo.* That is my intention.

*Mo.* Court a very fascinating young lady, whom you would make your wife—

*Geo.* Oh, I guess not.

*Mo.* You will handle a great deal of money—

*Geo.* Will this fascinating creature, aforesaid, be the possessor thereof?

*Mo.* The young lady will become very wealthy, and—

*Geo.* There. You needn't go any further. That's just what I wanted to know. I didn't care a damn about the girl, so she had the money. She's mine. Good-day. [*Exit. R.*]

*Jack.* [*Yawning*] I'm out'er that chap. If ever he gets any money, thar will be a divy for me. Here comes one of yer dolly tolly things. They never carries any swag.

*Enter Rosena, L.*

*Mo.* Only a shilling, miss, for a cup of coffee, and I will tell your fortune.

*Ros.* Indeed; I would like that, just splendid. Here is the shilling—all I have. [*Drinks coffee and mother proceeds as before.*]

*Mo.* Your's is wonderful and romantic. Your life will be one of clouds and sunshine; tears and sorrow; poverty, plenty and great wealth. You will have two suitors, and experience great trouble in your choice.

*Ros.* Is that all?

*Mo.* All at present. When in doubt or trouble, come to me, and I will read the stars for you. I can see things away off, which this cup be too shallow to tell. The stars will reveal them. Come some night.

*Ros.* Indeed, that is too provoking. [*Exits, R.*]

*Jack* [*Yawning and rising*] Well, this is gettin' to be dull business. You are making all the money, to-day, mother. You'll have to divy up for liquor pretty soon, unless I get some sucker fruit myself. Damn it, here comes one of your plodding Paddy's, that looks like he'd just stepped over from the tater patch on the other side of the pond. They never has nuthin'. [*Retires to tree.*]

*Enter Miles, L., singing and carrying small handkerchief bundle on end of stick.*

*Miles.* Hellow, ould ooman, should yees be after telling a man, phere he was going to, how far it was, and could he be after getting any work whin he rached the intinded point of his distination?

*Mo.* Yes, sir, I can tell you all about it.

*Miles.* Thin, phoi the divil don't you spake out and not sit thare loike and auld stoomp to scur the life out of skittish horses.

*Mo.* Give me a shilling, drink this cup of coffee, and I will tell your fortune.

*Miles.* Ah, the divil ye will. I can tell thot meself for nothing. Does ye see that boondle of clane shirts? (*bundle on end of stick*) That consists of me

intire wardrobe of parsonal effects, except phat ye behold adornin' me parson.

*Mo.* Yes, but I will tell you what is to happen to you in the future. Would you like to know how much money you will have and how your wife will look?

*Miles.* Bedad thot's purty cliver. I niver had a swate heart in all me loif, and phot sort of a looken animal she was oi should loike to know, indade. Yees wos a quare ould ooman. Have you a hoosband?

*Mo.* I am a widow.

*Miles.* A phidder. (*Aside*) Shouldn't it be a good joke to marry this phidder, and thin me fortune should be alrady tould. (*Looks at her and shakes head*) But I guess not, this time. She is too young and handsome. Somebody might run away wid her and lave me a phidder. (*Takes money out of pocket book. Jack watches him*). Her's the shilling. Fill the cup full and show me how yees tell these things. (*Takes cup*) Her's to the blooshing maiden thot stands foruint me, and may she never grow ould. (*Drinks. Hands cup to mother, who examines bottom*) Hould on. Did I lave anything in thare. It must have been the swatenin. You musn't charge extra for that. (*Aside*) If that fortune she tells me be as wake as the coffee, I will surely doi in a poor-house.

*Mo.* [*Takes cup and proceeds*] You will be trusted with a great deal of—

*Miles.* Money.

*Mo.* Important business.

*Miles.* That's meself.

*Mo.* You will do one great act of kindness for which you will be well rewarded.

*Miles.* Yes, that's meself.

*Mo.* You may never marry.

*Miles.* That s—yes—maybe that was meself. Was that so, indade? Look again and see if you can't see some kind of a famale ghost for me.

*Mo.* Then come close and observe. [*While Miles looks into cup, Jack, in the meantime having pulled off boots, slips to Miles' rear and steals pocket-book and retires to tree.*]

*Miles.* Och, shame on yees. It's a black face. Does yees thnk I should be after marrying a nagar.

*Mo.* I can see a pale wan face peeping in at a window.

*Miles.* Hould on wid yer. That will do. If it had been a swate face at the phinder, she might do. I've seen ould poor horses stand around me bed at night while ould crows and buzzards were roosting on the posts, and phin I should wake big, black snakes should be in me butes in the morning. If I should see a pale wan face peeping in at the phinder at me, I would see ghosts or the divil himself should have hould of me nixt. I bid yees good day me foine lady. [*Exit. R.*]

*Jack.* [*Comes down rubbing pocket book*] We'll not go to bed dry to-night mother. Swag, oh no. Let's go and moisten. Here comes a Dutchman; try him. [*Retires.*]

*Enter Gust leading Nina, L.*

*Gust.* Mine goot laty, ve peen loost und vas hoonting a blaces ter stay. Can you tole us anytying apoud id?

*Mo.* I can tell you all about it and more too. Give me a shilling, drink this cup of coffee, and I will tell you what your whole life will be.

*Gust.* I knows partly dat alreaty mineselve. Nina, maype she tole us somedings apout dose coundries. [*Takes shilling from pocket-book and hands to mother, who proceeds as before. Jack again pulls off boots.*]

*Mo.* Yours will be a wonderfully romantic future. You will take a great journey.

*Gust.* I yoost done dot alreaty.

*Mo.* You will fall in love.

*Gust.* Vell I nefer done dot pefore, oxcebt mit mine leedle kister, Nina.

*Mo.* You will part.

*Gust.* Dot vas too pad.

*Mo.* You will go far towards the setting sun, seeking a fortune. You will have many obstacles in your way.

*Gust.* Vere vas der opstacles?

*Mo.* Come close and observe them. [*While Gust is looking in cup, Jack slips behind and steals pocket book.*]

*Gust.* I see nodings in dere oexcept dose plack grounds.

*Mo.* That is all I can tell you at present. I will have to consult the stars.

*Gust.* I guess I done dot mineselve. I tink your fortune-telling vas like your coffee—a leedle too tin. Soosh foolishhense will done for leedle shilt-reus. Come, Nina, lets gone from here. She looks like a vitches. [*Exit. R.*]

*Jack.* I guess we'le have something stronger than cider now. [*Produces the two stolen pocket-books*] What a lovely pair. Foreign presents bestowed upon me by Ireland and Germany. [*Noise within by Miles*] Here, mother, hide them away. [*Mother hides pocket-books in her bosom.*]

*Enter Miles, greatly excited, R.*

*Miles.* And did yees be after foinding a stray pocket-book. Me intire fortune was locked up in it, consisting principally of a britches buckle, two horn buttons, a nadle and thrad and slip of paper, tilling whin and phere oi was born. [*More noise within.*]

*Enter Gust, R.*

*Gust.* I loose me dot bocket pook. Can you tole me where I finds him?

*Jack.* What do you all come to me for. I don't know anything about your old empty pocket books.

*Miles.* Ah, be dad, I smell a mice. Say, Dutchie, I have lost wan, too. Did yees have a fortune tould here?

*Gust.* Dot vas so.

*Miles.* Thin tuis is a robbers nest.

*Gust.* Vas dot so?

*Miles.* Indade it is. A foine land of liberty this was, whin a furiner can't be on its soil forty-eight hours before he is stolen of his birth papers and money. Out wid 'em.

*Gust.* I can vip dot olt vomans.

*Miles.* Lave that job to me.

*Jack.* Here, get out or I'll clean you both up. [*Gust jumps in tray of cups and saucers and smashes them, while Miles splits tray over Jack's head.*]

CURTAIN.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—GEO. WEST'S LAW OFFICE.

[*George discovered at table perusing Law Book. Rises and soliloquizes.*]

*Geo.* The law, and the requirement of fame therein, is a most arduous task of one's lifetime. And to succeed, one has to make a pleasant and entertaining companion of such dry, old sticks as Blackstone, Coke and Littleton. Such old fossils as these are the dust of ages, whom we lawyers of the present day tread beneath our feet. We must have something of the vim and snap of shrewdness. Technicalities, rather than a practice of equity and precedents. Money; money will purchase fame, and the sharp lawyer makes the money now days. When men get into the web of the law it is because of some difference of opinion, in regard to business matters: the opinion of the one or the other often depending on the amount to be

lost or gained, and not from a sense of right or wrong. When a client has a bad case, but in the event of success he should gain that which does not belong to him, he retains the services of a lawyer, who like himself is on the make. A criminal, who has committed a crime and been arraigned before a bar of justice, desires the services of a lawyer whose conscience is of the pliable kind; will believe him innocent, make murder justifiable homicide, and work with zeal for his acquittal; the amount of the fee controlling the attorney's belief in the innocence of his client and tempering the zeal exercised in his behalf [*Knock at door*] Ah, disturbed in my reveries and plans of the future. Miles! Miles! [*Door bell rings again*] Miles, you sleepy headed rascal. [*Enter Miles from recess, yawning.*]

Miles. What is it?

Geo. See who is at the door, at once. [*Miles obeys and returns.*]

Miles. It is a woman, soir.

Geo. Show her in.

Miles. Yes, but be dad, she may be after collecting the wash-bill.

Geo. Show her in. I tell you.

Miles. Indade I will. [*Returns to door and bows in Miss Ollie and retires slowly to his quarters.*]

Geo. Cousin Ollie, good morning. You rogue, you, to steal in upon me thus. What on earth has brought you into a lawyer's office.

Ollie. Well, Cousin George, as you well know I am not married, so it is not to consult you about a divorce, nor is it about a breach of promise case, but simply through curiosity, to see what kind of establishments you old, crusty lawyers inhabit, and what it is that makes you all so cruel to the feelings of others, especially while in the court room.

Geo. Well, you see the evidences around you. Here [*pointing to books*] are the old, dry, musty loaves on which we lawyers feed. When people will go into court asking for bread, we give them a stone—*Blackstone*—and sometimes we feed them on *Coke*. These digests are somewhat indigestible to most of our stomachs, hence we become dyspeptics, as it were, and expectorate our sourness into each others faces, until we become so warped in our opinions of innate honesty in human nature, that we believe all people to be alike, guilty and dishonest, until proven the contrary; even then denouncing as wrong, the verdict of our peers, and appeal to higher tribunals popularly called supreme courts, oftener noted for their *supreme* ignorance.

Ollie. I do know I should never marry a lawyer. I would demur to his pleadings, at once, and dismiss his suit before it got fairly into court—ing.

Geo. Ah, you little thief. Where did you steal all of that learning? Don't you want to borrow Bouvier's Law Dictionary? You are almost proficient enough to be admitted to the bar.

Ollie. I ask not that privilege for myself, if you please, but for our sex, we ask the right. I, sir, have no ambition to become a dyspeptic, as you term yourselves. A woman's heart can only be made happy in the belief of innocence. I don't wish to spoil mine in your way.

Geo. You are right, cousin. I have seen enough of the law, unless there should be better pay. Money, cousin, money. [*Knock at door*] Miles, Miles! [*Re-enter Miles as before*] Attend the door. [*Miles obeys and returns.*]

Miles. A man wid a note in his hand, soir.

Geo. Why didn't you admit him?

Miles. An bedad I didn't know but phat it was a bill for coal or gas he had wid 'im, soir.

Geo. Receive the note. [*Miles returns to door and brings note and hands to George, who reads it while Miles retires. Ollie starting to go*] Come again, cousin, I want to see you on business.

Ollie. I don't desire a partner in the law business, but if it relates to counsel in regard to some other kind of partnership, to which you are not to be considered a party—for I don't like old bachelors—I'll come. [*Exit. D.*]

Geo. [*Reading note*] "Sir, your services are professionally required, immediately, at the residence of Elisha Miller. He is rapidly sinking, and desires that his will be written." Now, perhaps, will the opportunity present itself. Old Elisha Miller is worth a quarter million dollars—an old bachelor—miser—no heirs apparent. This, indeed, is a big case, and may turn out the fee for which I have long been waiting. Wills hardly ever

stick, especially, if the legacy be large. Estates never go begging for the want of inheritors. Miles! [*Re-enter Miles*] Put up the books and close the office. [*Exit. D.*]

Miles. Ozh, bedad, that was a quare man. I've been working for him now these several months, and he pays me on flattery. Says that I would make a foin lawyer meself. Not a bit of it. I tried this here Blockstone phat said something about John Doe vs. (which in law means fornint) Richard Roe. The devil himself couldn't make it out. [*Going over books*] There was Chitty's Pladings, Kent's Commentaries, Ram on Facts—Ah, the devil pother them. [*Puts up books*] I should lave this law bizness, for I don't like the kind of practice I have, but I belave something was going to happen and I will stay and see it out. Phen I see a good looking woman like that one in the office this morning, there is going to be trouble to somebody. Well I guess I'll lock oop and go and coonsult that motherly ould fortune teller again. The better she gets acquainted phid me the more she tells me about meself. [*Locks office and retires singing.*]

SCENE II.—YARD IN FRONT OF ROSENA'S HOUSE. NINA DISCOVERED PLAYING.

Nina. Won't I be glad, though, when I grow up to be a big girl, so that I can help brother Gust. Then I can go out into the harvest field with him, like Rosena does. I know brother likes me, for I am the only sister he has on earth and we are two lonely orphans, our mother dying in Germany when I was a little bit of a baby. But I am getting jealous of Rosena. Brother is with her nearly all the time, and he is loving her, too. Now you just watch him when they come home from the field. Here they come now. [*Gust and Rosena singing in the distance.*]

See the merry farmer boy, tramp the meadows through,  
Swinging his hoe in careless joy, while dashing off the dew.  
Bobolink in maples high, trills his notes of glee,  
Farmer boy a gay reply, now whistles cheerily.

[*All whistle the chorus.*]

*Enter Gust and Rosena, C, he carrying reaping cradle, she a sheaf of wheat.*

Gust. Hare ve peen to hime againt, Nina, und a goot tay's vork, Rosena und minselves hef layet oop to der Lort—y marcy how diret I vas.

Rosena. And indeed, Nina, a good day's work it has been. The harvest is finished and we did it all by ourselves.

Nina [*Aside*] Yes, and I believe they are sorry it didn't last till Christmas so they could be together all the time. I wish I had a little feller to be with me all the time. No I don't. Gust is my only brother and there is nobody else as good as him. [*Retires to rear.*]

Rosena. How is papa, Nina?

Nina. He has been resting easily all day.

Rosena. I'll step in and see him. [*Goes within.*]

Gust. Vel, how diret I vas. I done like to see Rosena vorking in der hafvest fielt anty more. Olt Chon Miller, hern fater, vas all creepled oop mit der roomatics, like dot, und can do nodings poot sit orount, eat and feed his misery. Dot olt, vealty, pachelor prooder ouf his, whose name peen Elisha—and he has peeg vads of moneys—he ought to sent some poteys down hare to help do der vork. Ash der harfest vas now feenished, I peen vants to go ouet Vest, young mans, und see der gountry grows oop. I done vants to vork mineselve into coffin, mit der oondertaker's shop and go mit der grafeyards, yoost for a leedle bits of moneys. I vants to peen ritch und I goun to done it too, und done you forgot it. Rosena peen der bestest frow forn somepoty's vat all I knows apouet und I wouldn't gare I peen some glose connections mit her ash a hoospant. I dinks, ven she come back, I tole her on mineselve, ouf I ton't plush too much.

Nina. [*Laughing*] And what a good joke that will be.

Gust. You tog on leedle vitches, I taut all der vile I peen dalking mid mineselves und dot you vas in der house mit Rosena.

Nina. [*going to Gust.*] No, brother, don't hate me. I've been waiting to learn your secret, and now that I know it, I hope my good brother will not think hard of me for what I have done.



*Gust.* Nodings could make me tink mad mit you. I vas only plagued—dot ish kind a pashful mit mineselve—ven I saw you hare und listen to vat I say apout mineselve und Rosena. [*Takes Nina on knee.*] Dare shall pe no secrats mit us. You vas too leedle to know anty dings ven our mooter diet und left you alone mit me. Somedimes ven I peen sleep, I treams dat she comes town all ter vay from Hefen, dressed like angel, goes to der ped vere you vas sleep, leans ofer und kisses you on der forehead, like dot, und den she come und visper in mine ear so glose I can feel her breath ven she say, yoost like der night she diet, "Gust, my good boy, take care mit leedle Nina." Sheden fly away und I vake oop und vas crying. Nina, I haf learn you all you know. Ven you vas a leedle fellows, like dot high, you would gry like plitzen. Den I would take some leedle lumps ouf sugar und tie oop mit a rag, und poot into your mouth. Dare would peen no more grying ash long ash dat sugar would last, I bet you. I guess dots vots makes you so sweet.

*Nina.* Then you love some one else besides Rosena. I was afraid you was going to forget me, for you said that you was going away out West. What will become of me?

*Gust.* (*Aside*) Dot vas a fact. Dot vas de vorstest gonsiteration of der whole pizness. (*Aloud*) Wouldn't you like to stay mit Rosena, vile I peen gone? I vas coming pack again.

*Nina.* Yes, brother, if Rosena will let me, but it will be mighty lonesome without you.

*Gust.* Dot vas a goot leedle kister, and may the hefenly smiles of our mooter efer keep pack der lines of sorrow from your sweet face.

*Re enter Rosena.*

*Rosena.* Papa is very well this evening and I feel in better spirits now.

[*Songs and recitations ad lib.*]

*Gust.* Vot you say to a leedle valtz?

*Rosena and Nina.* Oh! a waltz, a waltz! [*Both waltzing.*]

*Gust.* Vait for me und der music. [*All waltz until Gust gives out and sits down.*] I pen tired out mit dot valse. Ouf she only stop I tole her apout mineselves. [*Catches Rosena, sits her down but she slips away and still waltzes. Gust takes reaping cradle and throws around her, she taking hold of the handle and they continue the waltz in imitation of cutting wheat. He seats her and holds cradle still in front of her.*] You look so sweet in dot cradle. Say, leedle Nina?

*Nina.* (*Aside*) I know what he is going to say. (*Aloud*) What, brother?

*Gust.* Id vas growing late. You hat petter poot some of dot leedle petts on.

*Nina.* Ah, ha. I saw chickens out there just now that hadn't yet gone to roost. But then, when young folks grow spoony, old folks and little folks must go to bed early. [*Exit. C.*]

*Gust.* Rosena, I loves you—likes to valse, done you?

*Rosena.* Indeed, I do. [*Trying to get up.*]

*Gust.* Now holt on. I like somepoty better as I done a valse, und Rosena, I wants to tell you I peen going to Californias. [*Releasing her.*]

*Rosena.* Gust, what do you tell me? (*Aside*) I expected it some day. Can it be possible that he has made up his mind to leave? Indeed, it can not be. [*Commencing to cry.*]

*Gust.* Now done you gry, or I gry mineselve some. I gome pack againt ven I peen a reech man, ouf you bromise me—dot ven I gome—dot you vill peen—here ven I gome.

*Rosena.* When are you going to start?

*Gust.* Dright strate away in der morning.

*Rosena.* Will you let Nina stay with me, for then I know you will come back to us again?

*Gust.* I would leave her mit no potty else put you, for I know you vill make her your leedle kister, too. I must go and got oop my glodings and ouf you lofe me, you peen here early in der mornings, before it vas goot taylight und der soon vas not oop, und I tole you goot py. Rosena, give

me dot bicture of yours. I will peen gone dree years und I vants to see your sweet face efery days vile I peen gone. [*Exit. C.*]

*Rosena.* I cannot bear to see him go. By association, I have learned to love him; for who, when they should once know him, could resist the influences of a heart that is so kind and big. But neither tears nor love's persuasion could make him stay after his mind has once determined. I will go, return early in the morning with the picture, and bid him good bye, though how sad and sorrowful it will be. [*Exit. C.*]

*Enter George. L.*

*Geo.* He, he. All right this time. A better *coup de etat* was not performed by either of the Napoleons. But, unlike theirs, mine shall never be overwhelmed by a Waterloo. As this fortunate house lay in my way, and as I was deputized to do, I thought I would drop in and impart the sad—though fortunate news to this family—of the death of old Elisha Miller, and that *Rosena*, niece to the deceased, has succeeded, by will, to his estate; and I, *George West*, attorney-at-law, am executor of the will and guardian of the estate of the aforesaid Miss *Rosena Miller*. [*Looks at watch.*] As it is quite late in the evening, perhaps I had better defer 'till morning. I will then spare them a night's rest and give myself time for reflection, how I shall best proceed in the manner of attending to the interests of my ward, as well as that of my own. I wrote the old man's will with a will, and thanks be to the swift winged messenger of death, he died in ten minutes after it was signed. *George West*, attorney-at-law, executor of the will, guardian of a large estate, belonging to a fine young girl, just turned fifteen, with no relations to interfere and no questions were asked. [*Exit. R.*]

*Enter Miles. L.*

*Miles.* Phere the divil did that crazy fellow go to? I do belave he has gone crazy within the last few hours. There was a lunatic woman at the office waiting to consult him about a divorce, because her husband was so ugly that the artist could not take his picture. I took an advantage of the occasion and proposed to her on the spot, providing she got her divorce, and would you belave me, she gave me the bag? Said that I was no improvement on her present misfortune. I told her that I was a lawyer meself and that her case would not stick. She flew in a most terrible rage and told me to go to the divil and I went in sarch of Mr. West. But ould Nick himself could not kape up wid 'im to-night. He must be going crazy or is planning a robbery, for he come down the road just ahead of me, walking like the divil and talking to himself about money, money, money. I'll folly him oop, and if there is any money to be had, I think I am capable meself of appreciating its value to the amount of a few dollars. [*Exit R.*]

*Enter Gust, C., with traveling grip. Early dawn.*

*Gust.* I don't like to lefe her vile *Nina* vas so small und olt man *Miller* vas so pad. But I helps dem ven I gomes pack from Californias. I pring dem lods of moneys. Ven I tole olt man *Miller* goot py he say: "Gust, you peen goot poy und may der sbirits vatch ofer you und pring you pack against." I feel so foony about it dot I vas grying. [*Clock strikes. Re-enter Rosena. C.*] Dot peen a nice, pooty girl, vat you vas. *Rosena*, vat you say about some dings vat I tole you? Vill you bromise dot you vill vait mit der dree years vas out for me to coom pack to you?

*Rosena.* I promise you. Here is the picture; (*gives picture*) there my hand, (*gives hand*) and with it my whole heart.

*Gust.* *Rosena*, I yoost so happy ash nefer I vas. I vants you to take good care mid leedle *Nina*. I vill poot your bicture mit dot von. Dot peen my mooter. [*Rosena takes it, kisses it and returns it.*] Ven I vas a poy und *Nina* a wee papy, across der vide ocean, in der fater landt, und oir mooter peen tying on her ped—Got in Hefen bless her goot oldt soul—she lay her hand on my heat, like dot, und mit accents loud and firm she say: "*Gust, my taring poy, ven you peen grown oop, go to der United States ouf America, vere dere is liperty for der poor and oomple ash vell ash for der ritich und aristograt.*"

## INTRIGUE.

Dot's vil I peen here. Rosena, darlint, tink ouf your poor friendt ven he peen gone. He vill come againt, not as he vonce dit, to your fater's hous, a poor, orphan poy, hooning for vork, poot a pig, rich man, to spend der rest ouf hees tays in beace as yourn huspant, und peen happy mit you forn life. Goot py, darlint [*Kisses her and starts.*]

*Enter Nina (C) dressed in night gown.*

*Nina.* Oh, my darling brother, I could not sleep all night, when you told me good bye. I heard your voice out here and I jumped out of bed and ran for fear I would not see you again. Tell me good bye once more, [*kneeling.*]

*Gust.* It would be cruel to dink it, poot ouf dot leedle bright vone vas in hefen, vot a sweet leedle cheerup she vould make foru our mooter up dere. Goot py, Nina. (*Kisses her.*) Dot vas more as I could say. [*Retiring. R.*]

CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

SCENE—FLAT ON ROLLERS REPRESENTING THE PLAINS, FOOT HILLS AND ROCKY MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE.

*Enter Gust, R., leading pack mule or donkey.*

*Gust.* Vay, Chanwary. (*Talking to mule.*) How vas you? I peen much diret ouet mineselve, valking all dese six weeks from Sauk Louis, vere I gets off der poat from Peetsburg. Dese blains vas so vide ouet ve nefer gone acress him, heh. De beoples vats ve meets say dem Inguns around here und I guess ve petter vatch a leedle ouet. Heh.

[*Scene shifts on rollers and wild animals of the plains are introduced. The animals being made of papier mache, life size, or of wires covered with the skins of animals represented. They must be so constructed that their heads and legs can be worked by wires across back of stage, their feet receiving the stepping motion by striking against projecting studs counter-sunk on the stage floor, as the body of the animal is drawn across stage on supporting wires. First animal entered is a wolf.*]

*Gust.* Vot vas dot. I guess I shoots him [*While taking gun off of pack mule, wolf runs off from L. to R.*] Dot vas only a tog. He vasn't goot to eat no vay. [*Antelope is presented. L.*] Now I got him I pets you dees times. [*Gust slips up behind mule, levels gun across pack and fires. the rebound of gun laying him on his back. Antelope runs off. R.*] Say, Chanwary, vat you done dot for? You kick me dot vay againt and ve peen not acquaintance anty more. Now you see dot animal got away yooost pecause ouf dot treek you blayed on me. Dot makes seferal occasions you done me dot vay.

[*Buffalo enters. L.*]

Vot der tiful vas dot? I peen afraid ouf I done shoot heem, he get away mit us. Look how I vas a shakung. Poot I vas not skared, vas I Chanwary? Say, Chanwary, ouf I done hit him dese dimes, und he run after oos, you keek him like you done me. [*Turns back to animal and cocks gun.*] I vas so trembling I peen afraid I not hit heem. Poot I vas not scared, vas I Chanwary? Now ouf I could shoot dright queek und choomp on Chanwary. [*While shaking, the gun goes off accidentally, kicks him backwards and buffalo runs over him. Rises.*] Vere vas I Chanwary? Dot vas better ash you done it.

[Enter Traveler. L.]

Trav. Hello, captain, you had better get up and dust back the other way. The Indians are capturing all of the emigrants who travel on this road. You had better turn back and go up the South Platte towards Pike's Peak.

Gust. Ish dot some jadis you tole me, und dey keel efery poteys?

Trav. Yes, nearly every body who travel this road. I was the only person who escaped out of a party of twelve men and two women. I was shot through the coat tail with this arrow. [Shows arrow.]

Gust. Ha, ha, ha, dot vas so fooney. You rooned und dey shoots you mid dot stick--der ramrots mit a goon. I gone aheat. I peen not afrait.

Trav. Hold on. You will be killed and get your head peeled. See how sharp the point of this arrow is.

Gust. [Examining arrow.] Ooch! Dot peen so? He vas sharp.

Trav. They shoot them from bows with such force, that they will go clear through a man at a distance of two hundred yards.

Gust. Lef me see. Ven I peen down here der roat fork out like dot. I inspect I vast not trafel der right roat.

Trav. The lower is the military road and is well protected with soldiers.

Gust. Yah, dot vas so. I taut all der vile I peen not dright. So I yoost gone pack und trafel mit dot ooter roat. You gone dot vay?

Trav. All right. I'll go back with you to the forks of the road.

Gust. Gome along queek. I valks mighty fast somedimes. Gone aheat Chanwary. [All exit. R.]

Enter Indian chief, L., on pony, followed by squad of Indians.  
They discover tracks of Gust and Traveler, make signs and exit,  
R. Indians yell within.

Gust. [Within.] Gome aheat, gome aheat, I pen here first.

Gust enters, L., on mule. Indians enter from both sides, yelling, and surround him. Gust jumps off of mule, comes to front, followed by chief.

Gust. I no likes dot fellers. I peen not acquaintance mit him.

Chief. How.

Gust. Nix fernstay.

Chief. How. Me big Comanche—friend—white man.

Gust. Ish dot so. I likes dot firsdrate you tole me so.

Chief. Tobac?

Gust. Yah, I got topacker. Do you wants to smoke a leedle?

Chief. Heep-good-white man.

Gust. Dot vas so too. Who tole you dot?

Chief. Pipe. [Produces long stem pipe.] Smoke-calumet.

Gust. Der gal y u met. Mister, you mistook my sexes. [Chief fills pipe from Gust's tobacco.] You vants me to smoke mit you? You vas a nice ret colored chentlemens vats I like and I done it. [They all sit in a circle and pass the pipe around.] Dat vas a fooney vay to schmoke, done it? (Aside) I no likes der gountenances of dese fellers such mooch. I fonder how I gone away from 'em? I yoost see if dey can't all sing a leedle song. (Aloud) Can you all sing a leedle song mit a tance?

[Indians all grunt assent. They form a half circle and go through the Indian song and dance. The chief brandishes knife and tomahawk and bounds to the centre. Gust jumps on chief's pony and runs off, R. Indians all try to get on pack mule to pursue him, while some run after him on foot. A trick mule would answer the better purpose here. They all finally get started on the chase, yelling, and pursue Gust across stage from L. to R. several times, he finally escaping with coat tail and cap pierced with arrows.]

CURTAIN.

## ACT III.

SCENE—STREET.

*Enter George, L.*

*Geo.* Well, it has been quite awhile since I told Rosena of her good fortune, but she sniveled so much about her old dead uncle, it was useless to say anything then about the plans for the future. It is said, though, that success demands instantaneous action, and my success in this case depends, in a great measure, upon the instantaneous death of old John Miller, Miss Rosena's rheumatic father. I don't want him around in the way any longer while administering on so large an estate, and attending to the affairs of so promising a ward as is Miss Rosena.

*Enter Ollie, R.*

*Ollie.* Good morning, Cousin George. You look quite sad. Is there anything I can do for you?

*Geo.* Yes, cousin. You have ever been a good, confidential friend of mine, and I have a part on the stage of life, for you to play. A little melodrama, as it were, and I want you to play it to the life.

*Ol.* Well, what is it?

*Geo.* You know Miss Rosena Miller.

*Ol.* Yes, sir.

*Geo.* Well, I want you to become very friendly to her. Be her confidential adviser in her present bereaved moments of distress. You understand. And I want you to tell her that I love her, and note how she receives it and what she says.

*Ol.* What, George, you don't mean to flirt with that poor girl, do you?

*Geo.* Ask not my intentions. Obey me. Play your part, and mind that you play it well. I will be back shortly and wish to see you further in regard to this matter. [*Exit, R.*]

*Ol.* This is something new and a delicate matter at that. I don't understand what it means. I would not be instrumental in harming poor Rosena for anything, nor for the sake of anyone in the world. She is a good, kind girl, and if I really thought Cousin George's motives in this were improper, I would not undertake it. But, like the majority of our sex, my curiosity has been excited, and I must see what is his intent. I will just step over that way. [*Exit, R.*]

*Enter Nina, L. George, R.*

*George.* (*Aside*) That is the little orphan that is living with Miss Rosena. She don't seem to take very kindly towards me. I will try to make a pet of her. She may be of service to me. (*Aloud*) Say, my sweet little one, come lets go and gather some flowers. I like pretty little girls like you.

*Nina.* You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you ugly, mean man. Grandpa Miller is dying, and you coming around trying to make love to Miss Rosena. Don't look at me. I hate you. [*Exit, L.*]

*Geo.* Not much assistance to be obtained from her source. I think I will have to send her to some foundling asylum to get her out of the way. I have it. She shall not be greatly harmed. Jack Hunt is just the man for the emergency. I'll return and see him. [*Exit towards R, and meets Ollie returning.*] Well, cousin, what success. How is my little birdie? Do you think we can succeed in getting her into my cage? Why, what's the matter with you? You look almost as mournful as did Miss Rosena herself, the last time I was to see her. I begin to fear that your recently assumed confidential relationship with her has become a reality, and that you are partaking of the same disposition as she, of late.

*Ol.* Cousin George. I have been performing a sad duty.

*Geo.* Well, I should judge so.

*Ol.* I have been waiting on the dead.

*Geo.* The dead! Who the devil is dead now?

*Ol.* Rosena's father breathed his last a few moments ago.

*Geo.* Well, I am very sorry. But people will die; so there is no use of sniveling about it. Rosena is still alive, though. We had better defer our little scheme a day or so. In the meantime you comfort her all you can. Give her this little some of money. [*hands money*] advanced from her own estate, that it may decently bury the dead, and yet not make too much of a display over the obsequies. (*Aside*) You must sow if you would reap. Ta, ta. [*Exit R., Ol. L.*]

## SCENE II.

*Rosena's home. Nina discovered consoling Rosena.*

*Ros.* 'Tis hard, 'tis indeed unbearable Not long ago I parted with Gust, who will not return for a good many months, perhaps never. Then the death of dear, old Uncle Elisha, and now that of my father. Were it not that Gust still lives, I should wish that I too, might sleep in the same chamber of eternal night with them. Can I, must I, live on hope alone? Will I ever be left thus, to moan alone, solitary! sorrowful! friendless!

*Nina.* Am I so small, that you think I haven't a heart large enough for grief or sympathy? Sister Rosena, for you shall ever be my sister after this, let me cheer you, wont you?

*Ros.* [*Kissing her*] You are the only light now left in our darkened home, to illumine the gloom of sorrow.

*Enter Ollie, C.*

*Ol.* I have come to cheer you up, Miss Rosena, and also my cousin, Mr. West, sends his sympathies.

*Nina.* The villain!

*Ol.* And do you know, Miss Rosena, I sometimes believe that he is in love with you.

*Ros.* Oh, Miss West, spare my feelings. I know Mr. West has been good to me, helped me when I needed it most, but you must not mention the subject again.

*Ol.* Well, but didn't you ever love anybody? Why not talk about it? There can be no harm in expressing our sentiments on such subjects. I'm quite sure. We all like to talk about our sweethearts; at least I do about mine. We would almost die if we were compelled to be silent.

*Ros.* I shall never love but once.

*Ol.* And whom do you love, then?

*Ros.* The sadness of the hour should occasion us to speak the truth. He is far away towards the setting of the sun, and his heart is as pure and rich as its golden rays.

*Nina.* [*With hands clasped as in prayer*] Amen!

*Ros.* I will give you no name. Come, let us walk into the garden, I feel oppressed. [*All exit, C.*]

## SCENE III—STREET.

*Enter Jack, L.*

*Jack.* [*Displaying ragged suit for little boy*] I guess them will about fit 'em. Kidnapping kids is mere child's play, if yer know how to do it. Mother an me have caught enough to start a first-class foundling asylum. Wait till I get the little female kid in these garments and her parents wouldn't know her. That Mr. West is a purty dog gone clever feller. I wouldn't mind taking him in as a partner of mine. Now fer biz. [*Exit, R.*]

*Enter George, L.*

*Geo.* I wonder what my ward thinks of me. I am getting impatient. Now that all of the feeble ones are out of the way, we will have no breakers on our voyage, and I hope the conquest will be made by sailing over a smooth sea. I guess people will think I make her a pretty latherly looking guardian. I suppose by this time Jack has done his work.

*Enter Ollie, R—greatly excited.*

*Ol.* Oh, Cousin George, what do you think.

*Geo.* [*Leisurely meditating*] Well—I—dонт—know.

*Ol.* Little Nina has committed suicide. She left her clothes on the bank of the river and jumped in, while Rosena and I were gathering flowers.

*Geo.* Indeed! Quite a romantic ending for one so young. Miss Rosena I hope, was not quite so romantic as to follow suit?

*Ol.* She is nearly distracted.

*Geo.* Not about me, I hope.

*Ol.* You haven't the sympathy of a cat. You needn't go about her any more.

*Geo.* What now?

*Ol.* Previously engaged.

*Geo.* A previous engagement. Who is the objective personality of my opposition?

*Ol.* Somebody away out West. She would tell no name. I must go home and hurry back to Rosena. [*Exit, L.*]

*Geo.* I'll fix that business at once. I rather suspected as much. Being her guardian I propose to have more than a voice, but a hand in this matter. Now for a short interview with trusty Jack Ward. He is an old forty-niner, and knows all about California. But first I must return and start Miles out to raising the neighborhood towards helping to find the body of the poor, drowned child. Boo, hoo, hoo! [*Exit, L.*]

*Enter Jack, R, with Nina dressed in boys' suit, with handkerchief tied around jaws.*

*Jack.* Now, kid, you jest squeal once and into the devil's den you go. He, he, he, a dozen fools have met me and told all about the child's drowning itself. [*Miles ringing dinner bell and hallooing, lost child, within*] What crazy fool is that?

*Enter Miles, L, ringing and hallooing.*

*Jack.* Here, you crazy fool, what do you mean?

*Miles.* An phat do I mane? A shild has jumped into the river and drowned. She was a beautiful famale shild about the size of that boy, soir, and I want the paples to turn out in a congregation and sarch for her missing body. [*Starts ringing and hallooing.*]

*Jack.* Here, stop that noise. Let me show you how to ring that bell, that will make three times as much noise as that.

*Miles.* Faith, and that is what I'm after doing—getting a grate deal of noise out of it. I wouldn't care if I were a whole cathedral of bells. [*Hands Jack the bell, who steps to the left and throws it into the river.*] Phat for you do that?

*Jack.* I thought to soak the bell awhile in the river it would ring better, when you fish it out.

*Miles.* [*Pulling off his coat pugilistically*] Mister, I niver went a fishing in me loife, but I want that bell out of that river. If you don't leap in and get it I will take your dirty carcass for bait to fish it out wid.

*Jack.* He, he, he. Do you see this little chap here?

*Miles.* Yes, I see that little chap thare, and I propose to do your jaw up in a sling just like his.

*Jack.* You don't know what is the matter with that child. He's got the mumps.

*Miles.* [*Greatly excited*] The mimps. [*Exit in hurry, R.*]

*Jack.* Ha, ha, ha. Stratagim thou art quite muscular on some occasions. Now, kid, you must go down here with mother, and let me give you some advice. If you ever attempt to tell or run away, your ears will be split and the devils witches will keep after you until you die. Walk on. [*Exit L.*]

*Enter George, R*

*Geo.* Jack did his work well. Now, if he can only succeed as happily with the California business. The Union Pacific road has been finished, and it will take but a few days to reach the Rocky Mountains. Ah, here

comes Jack now. [*Enter Jack, L*] You are a good one. [*Shaking hands and laughing.*]

Jack. Them kids are no trouble. Wait until you try to move a regular duffer.

Geo. By the way, Jack, I have a little trip for you. How would you like to go to California on a little business.

Jack. That's just my hand. I been wanting to go out thar all summer. but didn't have the stuff. I know every diggin' in California. Is it a pay job?

Geo. You will be well rewarded if you succeed. I have written full instructions; here they are. [*Hands papers*] Also contains a contract. Here is money for your current expenses. I want you to start to-night.

Jack. I can do it. I have a good old pal in the Rocky's, by the name of Bill Hunt. I will hunt him up as soon as I land, and then to biz. Ta, ta, Mr. West.

Geo. Success to your undertaking, Jack. [*Exit both, Jack R, and Geo. L.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Gust's Camp in mountains. Enter Gust, C, carrying mining tools.*

Gust. Vel I peen here all dright now. I yoost vish Rosena could se n me, how I vork forn her in dose goit mines. I peelef I gatch a fortune yed pefore der dree years dimes gones arount, ven I gone pack to Pennsylvania. I pet you I do. [*Enter Chin Sin, L.*] Vat peen dot. Vas der vitches apout? Vat a dails he got und dose long finger nails. I'd most peen kinfolks mitt der tiefel.

Sin. Washee heap, Melican man's shirtee.

Gust. Yah. I tole you so. I'd peen a vasher voman's. I fonder vot Rosena say she see me here, all alone, onprotected mit dose vasher vomans. I inspec Rosena vould make some jeaisense mit me. Maype id sing petter ash she dalk. Would you sung a leedle song?

Sin. Chin Sin singee Melican Dutchman leedle songee. [*Sings Song.*]

Gust. Dot peen foorstrate. Petter ash I done it myselfes.

Sin. Play dle plope, Melican Dutchman?

Gust. Blay dle bloke. Vat der tiefel vas dot? [*Sin begins to shuffle pack of cards*] I now see vat he say. I pet you I blays dot boker. [*Aside*] I nefer blays mooch mitt any potty pefore, poot I can peet a fellers like dot. He vas a socker. [*They spread blanket, sit down and commence, Sin dealing. Gust shows his hand to light and has four aces and a king. They bet all they have. Sin throws down his hand, pockets money. Gust takes Sin's hand to light—five aces*] I nix fornstay dees peesness. I dinks now I knows who dot fellers peen und for vays dot peen tark, und driks dot peen wain, he has some vays dot vas beculiar. Mister, led me spoke to you. [*Takes Sin by collar.*] Now you geef dot moneys ougt or I makes some droubles mit you. [*In the scuffle Sin runs out of his coat*] [*Exit, L.*] Gust examines the sleeves, turning them inside out, from which quite a number of packs of cards fall to the floor.

#### SCENE V—HIGHWAY.

*Enter Jack Ward and Bill Hunt, R. Enter Sin, L., on run.*

Jack. Hold up, pig-tail John. [*Points pistol at Sin.*]

Sin. I no talkee. I no fightee.

Jack. Trow up your hands. [*Sin obeys and they proceed to rob him. After taking money Jack throws Sin off stage, R.*] Bill, I thought I smelled a rat, and this one ha- just run out of the hole: It is a good vein and one that will pan out well, if successfully worked. He, he. Now, old boy, be yee true, as in the past—and ye are a knife with such high metal that ye never need grinding. You know that Dutchie who worked down here on the drain of the Gulch? Well, he made money, I am told, but had to give up his station, and since then has sunk a shaft on the north side of the mountain, between the Big Horn and Little Thunder—calls it the Heidelberg, and is making it all along. I have a very good contract, in which there is money, for his disposal—put him out of the way mysteriously, you know. But lets work him for all he is worth beforehand, so lets tap him.



*Bill.* All right. How shall we proceed?

*Jack.* Make out like we own the claim and blackmail him. Leave the job to me, I'll tip him. You attend to outside business. He may be along here pretty soon after that Chinaman, for I know what has happened. Ah, here he comes now.

*Enter Gust, L.*

*Gust.* Good evening, yentlemens. How you vas. [*The robbers shake hands with him and hold on to their grip on each hand.*]

*Jack.* Hold on, fat and jolly Dutchie; we have a little business with you.

*Gust.* Vel gom down to mine houes.

*Bill.* We will not go just yet. See that? [*Presents pistol.*]

*Gust.* Toorn dot beestle away. Id might gone off.

*Jack.* Be still, or you are a dead man. Why have you gone and jumped our claim? For ten cents I would skin you. [*Produces knife.*]

*Gust.* I yoomp no glaims. I puy dot glaims from anoooter mans.

*Jack.* He never owned it. We are the owners and you have got to get off or we will hang you. Let him go, Bill, and if he starts to run, shoot him.

*Gust.* I vant roon. I vant roon.

*Jack.* How much did you pay that man for our claim?

*Gust.* Tree hoondret und dirty-doo toller.

*Jack.* Well, sir, if you will pay us the same, you may have it. If you don't, we will have the vigilants to hang you for a thief.

*Gust.* Oh, der vigilants. I give you all der moneys vat I gots.

*Jack.* All right. Give us that and we will call again for the remainder. Shell out.

*Gust.* Here id vas—dwo hoontret und sexty toller.

*Jack.* Now, Dutchie, hunt up the balance. Mind, after this, how you buy claims.

*Gust.* I pet you I minds dot. Poot I would like to hef some written apout dese land p-esness.

*Jack.* Well, Bill, we will make him out a deed. I have one of our blanks here in my pocket. Fill it out for him. [*Bill fills out blank, they both sign it, and give it to Gust.*]

*Gust.* Thank you, yentlemens.

*Jack.* Hold up those hands until we get out of sight. [*Gust holds up hands*] Good bye, Dutchie. Ta, ta. We hope to meet you again. [*Exit, L.*]

*Gust.* Vel, I done hopeso much ash dot. Dey scart my life ouet ven dey show dot bistals und powie knife. Poot I peen no more afrait ash I vas. Dot foorst mans he dreat me pad. He solt me glaims ven he don't got some. I keel heem ven I seen him. Dese dwo vellers, dey vas awful mat mit me, poot I could nix helfa. I taut I vas dright. I got some written from dese vellers. I yoost reat dose leedle instruments. [*Reads*] "Know all men by these presents, (dot vas not a bresent, I buys him) dot ve, this day grant, pargain und sell unto Gust Goldschmidt, Dutchman, (dot vas me) all our right, title and interest in any land which belongs to us, and he may find. (*I pet you I finds him already*) We furthermore, in consideration of \$72, money yet due us, agree that if he will pay the same, not to kill the said Gust Goldschmidt, Dutchman, (dot surely vas not me) but grant him further life. Done on the highway and in a neat and substantial manner, this the first day and time, we ever met him, the said Gust Goldschmidt, Dutchman, on professional business. Jack Ward, Bill Hunt." I no like dot written. I pel-fe dey blay some foolishhense mit me. Schtop a leedle. I vas outindimes before here apout dot Jack Vard und Peel Hoont, und dey vas der vorstest roppers in der whole countries. I yoost so mat mit mineselve I peen such a fools. I tont vants anty potys to know dot I hef any beessness dran-sactions mid dese Jack Vard und Peel Hoont. [*Tears up deed*] I yoost go home und says moom to efery potys vat I speaks to apouet it. [*Exit, R.*]

*Re-enter Jack and Bill.*

*Jack.* Sh. Darker work and better pay. We are on the way to fortune. Don't you want to hear the contract. [*Reads*] "To whom it may concern:

Know ye, that I, George West, of the State of Pennsylvania, have this day placed to the credit of Jack Ward, the sum of \$2000, in the Occidental Bank of California, to be paid him on considerations verbally stipulated between myself and the said Jack Ward." That is sufficient. I fully understand the conditions. We are to kill that Dutchman. That is, put him out of the way mysteriously. There is no use of delaying the job. I think the best plan will be to tie him in his cabin and burn it down on him.

*Bill.* Yes, that is best, and besides it will seem like there hadn't been foul play dealt, by consuming his carcass and destroying evidences of his former existence.

*Jack.* Remember then that we will catch him in his cabin, muzzle his mouth, secure him with ropes, bar the door, and send the whole thing up in smoke. [*Exit, R.*]

#### SCENE VI—GUST'S CABIN.

*Gust discovered in cabin. Sings a song and commences to cook supper. While grinding on coffee mill, robbers enter from rear, seize him, tie handkerchief over mouth, bind him to chair, retire and set fire to cabin. Tableau.*

#### CURTAIN.

### ACT IV.

#### SCENE I.—ROSENA'S HOME.

[*Miles discovered dusting room.*]

*Miles.* Bedad, its a foine chamber maid Mister Wist is making of me. Batwane the keeping of his office, coming down here working for this pretty little Miss Rosena and foinding out all their sacrets, it will be the death of me, so it will. And sure he come down here a few days ago and was rading in the papers about a Dutchman that was kilt out in California and she fainted away. There is getting to be a great deal of mystery about this place and I am all the time looking for ghosts and devils—there is one now. [*Knock at door.*]

*Enter George L.*

*Geo.* Miles, you can return to the office after telling Miss Rosena of my visit. [*Exit Miles. C. Enter Rosena. C.*] Miss Rosena, pardon the intrusion. A little business, as well as pleasure, brings me here this morning. I have made arrangements for quarters more becoming your station and fortune. I have purchased the Smithson mansion, which you may choose to occupy at once, or wait until you may wish to take a life partner with you.

*Ros.* Mr. West, I admire your taste in choosing such an elegant situation and I thank you for your observation on the latter consideration. As long as I am Rosena Miller, allow me to remain with the silent memories of the past—this dear, old home, though however humble it may be.

*Geo.* [*Rising and aside*] Never mind, she may stay here if she desires, but a trusty servant of mine own choosing will ever see that none other enter without my permission.

*Ros.* Mr. West, have you made all the search possible to find poor, little Nina's body?

*Geo.* I have had the river dredged for miles. Her body must have gone out with the tide and went to sea.

*Ros.* How terrible a fate. And have you never seen a contradiction of the fate that befell poor Gust? Do you really think he is dead?

*Geo.* I don't think anything about it. I know it. There can be no doubt of it, at all. I saw a man to-day, just arrived from California, and he says the report is true and that his cabin was burned and his bones found among the ashes.

*Ros.* Oh, how cruel and hard my fate! My last hope on earth is lost, forever lost!

*Geo.* Miss Rosena, we have to lose our best friends. 'Twill too often happen. And now, Miss Rosena, you need comfort and assistance and I hope to be a friend to you indeed, since the death of poor Gust. As I love you, Rosena, I hope you will learn to give me yours in return. Come, cheer up, I am your guardian by law, and am capable of giving advice. Leave this lonesome place, with its sad and mournful past, and go with me to the Smithson mansion.

*Ros.* But what if—

*Geo.* If what?

*Ros.* If he still lives?

*Geo.* Why doubt longer? Can you not believe me?

*Ros.* I believe you would tell me the truth. He was to have been back in three years. They have come and gone, and yet I have seen his dear face never more.

*Geo.* Then, will you trust your hand and fortune with me?

*Ros.* You are the only one to whom I can go for council. But I can't just now. Please call when I am in a better mood.

*Geo.* Thank you, Miss Rosena. I am pleased and honored to have you consider my proposition. Good day, [*Exit. L.*]

*Ros.* Am I right? Does Heaven sanction my actions? "If he lives" rings in my ears with doleful cadences of misery! Oh, if dead or alive, may some angelic messenger, at this dreadful, torturing moment, inform me, that my mind may be satisfied and free from doubt. If alive—why do I speak the doubting words?—none but he should ever have my hand and the heart that went with it, and buried be it in the grave with him, now and forever. If dead—why do I repeat the torturing words?—Heaven, then, can not hold me responsible if I should marry Mr. George West. If I do, my bridal trousseau, then, shall carry its mourning for the dead; that shall be one of the conditions of the troth. [*Exit, C.*]

#### SCENE II.—IN MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY.

*Enter Jack and Bill. R.*

*Jack.* Bill, it has been a week since we penned that Dutchman. His bones would have been into ashes before this, had it not been for the rain that put out the fire after we left that night.

*Bill.* I was near there to-day. The rain put out the fire before it got much headway and the cabin still stands.

*Jack.* Well, then, we will go back to-night and examine matters and take down the evidences that are to secure us \$1000 apiece. He could'n't make his escape and the ropes of course still hold his carcass to the chair we tied him in.

*Bill.* Yes, we will have nothing to do: for of course he is dead.

*Jack.* And smells worse than a barrel of sauer kraut by this time. Bill, I have a pretty tender stomach, and a dead Dutchman smells worse than a carbolic soap factory. I want you to handle him. Shall we chuck his carcass or shall we try to burn the durned old thing down again?

*Bill.* Fire would be better, but perhaps we had better chuck his remains. I'll go and prepare a hole for the carcass, while you go to the cabin and prepare for the funeral procession. [*Both exit, L.*]

#### SCENE III.—GUST'S CABIN.

*Gust still tied to chair, with haggard, starved look.*

*Gust.* Vill no help efer come? I gant stood dis manty hours longer. Dere vas pread in der pox but I can't get id. I dried tree tays to pite der toor town, poot gouldn't done it. Dot poocket of vaters has peen vort more ash such much golt; forn id keep me alife dese long. My stomachs vas

poorning oop und dare vas fefer in my het. I moost hef some more vaters und I feel so veak und steef. I peen afrait I gant holt der pucket mit mine mouet. [*Hobbles to bucket on table, takes hold of edge of bucket with teeth and while drinking turns over bucket and spills water.*] 'Vine Got in Himcl, der vasser vas all spilt! gone! Ouf I could only stoop town und lap it oop ouf der floor, like a dog! I can leefe no longer. Rosena und Nina, mychants peen tied; send der anchels to vipe der tears from my eyes. Vas id I treams. Efery dings vas so tark. My heat roars like der vas a rifer rooning ofer id. I can hear nodings. [*Enter Jack, C., passing stealthily back.*] Der vas a rifer und sum vone vas vaving a lantern for me to follow agross, but der rifer vas plack, deep und vide. [*Wakes*] Vas I peen asleep? Vere vas I? [*Jack levels a revolver at Gust's head from rear. A knock at the door disturbs him.*] Vas dot somepotys knock at der toor? Has Rosena sent some vone? No, id vas onlt der vinds a plowing. [*Knocks*] Dot vas somepotys. Der light preak ofer my heat. I peen afrait to seen anypoty, for I peen so hungry I could eat a mans. [*Knocks*] Knock der toor down und gone in.

*Enter Speculator, C.*

*Spec.* Is this where Gust Goldschmidt lives?

*Gust.* Vell, I peen stay here. Der lifen vas apouet blayed ouet. You seen I peen tied und can do nodings.

*Spec.* Who did this, and how long have you been in this fix?

*Gust.* Der robbers tied me und tried to purn down der house, poot Hefen sent town der rain und der plazes vent ouet. Vat tay peen dis?

*Spec.* Saturday.

*Gust.* Den dot makes a veek I peen tied und got nodings to ead.

*Spec.* A week! Then you must be about starved. I will release you. [*Cuts ropes.*]

*Gust.* Meister, may Hefen rewart you forn deese, for I peen not rich enough to done id mineselve.

*Spec.* I ask no reward; though I must say that your wealth is doubtless greater than you suppose and that is my mission here—to add to it. [*Jack listens with great interest.*] That is, providing we can agree to a trade for your mining property. I represent an Eastern company and came to offer you a good round sum for it. As you have had nothing to eat for so long a time we will defer business until your system is nourished. Come with me and I will furnish you with something to stimulate yourself.

*Gust.* I will go mid you und ead und drink somedings, den ve dalks apouet der pisness. I peen so steef und veak I can hardly valk. [*Exit. C.*]

*Jack.* [*Coming down and stealthily examining door, etc.*] Sh—sh. Perhaps it was best that we did not kill t e Dutchie after all. What a sheet-iron stomach he must have. He is worse than a cat with nine lives. The price he may get for his mine may be worth lying in wait for. We are the boys as has never failed on a tap, when the swag was worth the display of first class ability. Now, if Bill will only come in time. I will stay concealed in the room and take down the dot of the trade. Sh—they are coming. [*Jack retires. Re-enter Gust and Speculator.*]

*Gust.* Vell, I feel some petter ash I did. If ve makes some trade out for dot golt mine, I wants to leefe dright strate away forn Pennsylvania py der next drain. Vot dime o'clock does dot start ouet?

*Spec.* At eight to night. Now sir, I am authorized to pay you two hundred thousand dollars for your mine.

*Gust.* I say, meister, couldn't you poot foofty more tousand to it und make it a quarter millions? Dot vould sound so peeg to tell Rosena.

*Spec.* I am limited in my negotiations and can not bid beyond what I have offered you.

*Gust.* Vell, I dakes him.

*Spec.* We will fill out the papers at once. I will give you a gold draft on the Bank of California.

*Gust.* Dot vas goot. I dakes him too.

[*They fill out and exchange papers, Jack stealthily watching the proceedings.*]

*Spec.* Now, my friend, as I found you almost in a dying condition, I hope your future may be void of all bad luck. Do not let the robbers get

hold of you again. Call at our office when you come to town to-night. So good-day. [*Exit. C.*]

*Gust.* Is it vaken dot I treams? Vas dis mineselve? I vish Rosena vas here to binch me und see ouf it vas. It will dake a peeg sachel to carry dot sheek in. I pet you I looks out for dose roppers. [*Searches himself to put check away. Puts iton inside of hat under the lining.*] Dem roppers can't make anyt more foolishence mit me

Now, Rosena and Nina, I goue home. Der long roat vat I trafels vonce I moost trafel ofer againt. Boot I trafel not forn golt dese dimes, poot to see you, my tarlings, for whose happinence I peen vork hard more ash dree years. Dese mountains, I hef learned to lofe dem, too. Forn der tears dot vas in my eyelits und apout to fall forn sweet apsent faces, hef often dimes peen tried oop py looking at dose grand, mayestic, mountain scenery. Der sun und der moon, der pright orps vats rooms der azure ouf oonlimited sbace, hef gifen gonsolazion in dese vilderness landt, forn vile I peholdt der shining prightness at meritian height, do I peen dree tousand miles away fron Rosena, I know dot ve poth, at der same dime gan look at der same pright, Hefenly obyects, und how ooften I dinks der pright rays of der moon peen reflecting der prightness of soul dot lefe in her sweet, plue eyes. Somedimes I feel so lonesome I almost gry und der vas a ringing noises in my heat, dot she vas peeing persuated afay forn me und dot it almost preak her heart. [*Sings song, "almost persuaded."*] Rosena und Nina, I come! Mountains, goot pye.

[*Starts to door and is confronted by Jack with drawn revolver. Gust springs, clutches Jack's wrists. Pistol goes off in the air. In the scuffle Gust trips Jack, whose revolver falls to floor. Gust grabbing it, Jack rises with drawn dagger and starts at Gust, who presents revolver.*]

*Gust.* Schtandt pack! You fillainous cut-treat und ropper. Ven you rop me againt dere vill peen no breat in dese poty here. No human ploot hef efer peen speelt vid 'mein handts, poot nefer you raise your handt againt Gust Goldschmidt againt. Ven I pen starve dot veek by your murterous handts, I make dot resolve, dot no mans should efer dreat me ooder dan ash I dreat him, und Got in Himmel made me I drust, vot you vas not—an honest mans. [*Retiring.*]

## CURTAIN.

## ACT V.

## SCENE I—STREET.

*Enter R., George, Mother and Nina as a boot-black. Geo. and Mo. aside.*

*Geo.* Mother Ward, you have played a good part and you shall be well rewarded. Jack will be home in a few days.

*Mo.* Oh, I have had bad dreams about him of late. I showed Miss Miller the imperative star the last time she was to see me, and she then consented to become your wife. A sovereign, good, Mr. West. [*Geo. hands sovereign*] Noda, come shine the gentleman. [*Nina shines Geo's boots.*]

*Geo.* Stars are quite propitious towards us, Mother Ward. You are the champion astronomer of the age. You eclipse them all.

*Mo.* When in the full, good Mister Ward, I am in my best mood.

*Geo.* Take that and fill up, my adorable venus. [*Hands bottle of whiskey to Mo., kicks Nina's boot kit aside and strides away. Exit, L.*]

*Enter Gust, R., just arrived from California.*

*Gust.* Hello, here vas dat oldt vitches.

*Mo.* [*Pretending not to know him*] Have a shine, mister?

*Gust.* I inspec it would peen petter ash I take some ouf dot shine for der first dimes in dree years or more. [*Nina commences to shine Gust's boots*] Tont get diret mit dot peeg chob, mine leedle fellers, und I bays you touble. Say you leedle shiner, how oldt vas you? [*To Mother*] Vi don't be speak?

*Mo.* He had the mumps and it made him dumb.

*Gust.* Dat vas too pad. I gives heem der money- and done id mineselves. [*Pays Nina money and shines his boots. Mother takes money away from Nina.*] Vat vas der leedle fellers names?

*Mo.* Noda.

*Gust.* Dot vas a foony names. [*Looking at Nina*] Say, leedle fellers done I know you? Vi, dot vas a fery firmiliar faces. [*Takes her by the face and looks into her eyes*] Und dose eyes! Oh. no. Id vas a poys. [*Mother becomes excited and jerks Nina away. Exit, L.*] Done take heem avay forn me. I vant hurtet heem. Id vas tay times poot I treams I see Nina, und I vas not asleep, eider. Dot vas fonny, don't id. Vel I yoost gone down to Rosena's house und see if dot vill peen like a tream, doo. I vakes dem oop pretty soon. [*Exit, L.*]

## SCENE II—OLD HOME YARD OF ROSENA.

*Miles discovered playing with a dog.*

*Miles.* The jig was oop and the phidding will come off to-morrow avening and the divil only knows phat phil become of mine and the dog's occupation. All we have to do is to watch the door and kape people out while Mr. Wist is doing his courting. Here comes somebody now, and I must get to the door. [*Retires.*]

*Enter Gust, R.*

*Gust.* Hoora! Py golly I peen hare all dright dese dimes. Dem steam cars roon lighnten fast all der vay fron California to Peetspurg, poot it seem a long times to me, forn I wants to see Rosena und Nina so auful pad. Rosena vont know me, I inspec, in dese olt clothes, poot I been not too fine und see how she likes me still as she used to vas. I knock mineself mit der toor. [*Starts to door when dog barks, Gust runs dog off and goes to door. Knocks. No answer*] I knock myself louder dese dimes. I inspec she been aschleep. [*Knocks again. Miles appears at door.*]

*Miles.* Phat do yees want?

*Gust.* Vat I wants? I wants to gone in.

*Miles.* Your kerd and name, soir.

*Gust.* I tole my name ven I peen on der inside. I hef no garts. I nefer blays dem anty more.

*Miles.* Mister, the country is full of tramps. We can't admit you. [*Slams door in his face.*]

*Gust.* By gosht, I no likes dot. Ouf Rosena done me dot vay, und she know who I peen vhen she done it, I would got awful mat mineselve, coomit suisite und go mit der grafe yardt.

*Re-enter Miles with dog and tries to sick him on Gust.*

*Gust.* I peen not afrait mid a dog I peen fere dere vas vild cats, banthers und bears.

*Miles.* Who the divil are you. It sames like I have seen you before.

*Gust.* You yoost to know me, poot now you dry to sick a dogs on me. Say, done you know Gust Goldschmidt who went to Californias, het a tieful of a hardt times, made a peeg som of money und—

*Miles.* And was killed by robbers?

*Gust.* Not quite; forn I peen here.

*Miles.* The holy mither's ghost. You didn't die. Made a fortune and now here. Of course I know you. How you come on? Shake, ould boy.

*Gust.* Vat you peen do hare?

*Miles.* Oh, I work here.

*Enter Geo., L., knocks at door, presents card and is admitted.*

*Gust.* Who vas dot vellors?

*Miles.* Thot, soir, is lawyer George Wist.

*Gust.* George Vest. He vas a fine looking yentlemaans. I done like dese lawyer such much. Vat he peen do in dere?

*Miles.* He is paying his respects to Miss Rosena.

*Gust.* Ish dots? I no likes dot fornstrate. Baying his respects to Rosena. I owe her some resbeets, too, vats I like to bay her. [*Miles starting*] Say, mister, done say nodings who I peen. You are fornstrate fellers. So vas I. Leds pe goot friends. [*Hands Miles money.*]

*Miles.* Bedad and ye may be me brother. I am fond of the loiks of yee. And you say you made a fortune?

*Gust.* Oh, only couple a hooontret tousand tollers.

*Miles.* Shake again. Ye are me twin brother.

*Gust.* Und dot vas Chorge Vest, lawyer and fine looking yentlemaans I kess I peen fine too. I gone und got some fine glodings und some of dose eedle baper garts vot he lefes at der toor mit der serfant. I pet you I peets him und done you forgot it, Meester Miles.

*Miles.* Yee are a ritch man, and I will not be after disputing your word.

*Gust.* Here is some more bresent [*Hands him more money*] Rememper.

*Miles.* I will, me lad, until the divil parts us. [*Gust starting*] Say, when you come again, if you will not delay, say arly to-morrow, you will foind me in your service. The dog will be dead. I mane the dog that tried to bite you. [*Exit Gust, R.*] The divil will be to pay soon, now. I know phere that feller's little sister is. I haven't been having that old hag telling me fortune ivry day for nothing. It Miss Rosena knew that feller was alive she would go crazy, and I have a notion to put her in condition for a lunatic asylum. The maxim says, don't cut open the goose that lays the golden eggs for you. But the quistior phid me just now, vitch is going to be the best goose for me in the future. The goose may hang high on one side and low on the other, here pretty soon, and I want to go with the altitudinal bird.

*Enter George, and Miles skips out.*

*Geo.* Everything is all right now, the marriage contract has been signed. By to-morrow night Miss Rosena Miller will be Mrs. George West, and I, George West, attorney-at-law, will be worth a quarter million. That two thousand dollars advanced to Jack Ward and his accommodating companion in California, was the best investment I ever made.

*Enter Ollie, L.*

*Ol.* Why, Cousin George, you are looking so real happy. But most any of us would be happy when so near the eve of marriage. I really believe that I would be happy myself on such an occasion. I would just like to try once, though, and see if I wouldn't.

*Geo.* Yes, cousin, I am happy. My becoming wedded to fortune will divorce me from the law. That, of itself, is one occasion for happiness. Pursuit, it is said, furnishes more pleasure than possession; but happier will I be on the morrow eve, when the ceremony shall have been over and I shall be worth a quarter million.

*Ol.* Cousin, I congratulate you on your success in gaining the hand of so nice a young lady and obtaining such a large fortune.

*Geo.* And, cousin, I have to thank you in return for the assistance you have rendered me in making it a success. Be on hand promptly to-morrow evening at the appointed hour.

*Ol.* I will, cousin. [*Exit both, he L., she C.*]

## SCENE III—STREET.

*Enter Miles, L.*

*Miles.* Och, phat fun there will be this avening. The Dutchman will be down, and if I succeed, I am going to give him a surprise. Now, if the shadivil will come along phid that chap, and I can git me hands on 'em, there will be a surprise party at that phidding. Hereshe comes now. [*Enter Mother and Nina, R.*] And yees are the wans I was hunting. I want a good fortune tould to-day. But before we commince, lets have a drop of the crathur

*Mo.* You are a honey.

*Miles.* Take this bit of money, go down to the grocery by the river there, and get a quart of rale good liquor.

*Mo.* Then mind my things. [*Starts off with Nina.*]

*Miles.* Lave the boy, I phil take good care of him [*Mother goes off after whiskey.*]

*Miles.* Say, me lad, do you know me?

*Nina.* I have seen you before, but you know I musn't talk to anyone or they will kill me.

*Miles.* Niver moind that now. She will get blind drunk when she returns.

*Nina.* That is when she abuses me most. Mister, I wish you hadn't let her have whiskey.

*Miles.* I will stay and protiet you. Do you know Gust Goldschmidt?

*Nina.* Yes, sir. He—he was my brother, but is dead now. Mother Ward said so.

*Miles.* The divil take thim and all their lies.

*Nina.* Then do you know where he is?

*Miles.* (In a whisper) Yis, and I came to take you to him.

*Re-enter Mother, very drunk, and abuses Nina.*

*Mo.* That was real good liquor, mister. Dont you want some. [*Drinks.*]

*Miles.* Phil I should think so, from the amount of it yees been swallowing. Take another sip of the crathur and lave me a drap.

*Mo.* Your (hic) sugges (hic) tion shall be (hic) availed. [*Drains the bottle*] Shay (hic) have some. [*Hands Miles the empty bottle.*]

*Miles.* Some phat? No, I thank yees. I niver drink air from a bottle. [*Aside*] She will be aslape purty soon.

*Mo.* [*Reals to sitting position*] I feel (hic) tired and (hic) sleepy.

*Miles.* That was right. Go to slape and drame me a good fortune.

*Mo.* There is a man (hic) coming from a long (hic) distance and there is (hic) going to be (hic) trouble in the (hic) camp. [*Falls asleep.*]

*Miles.* [*Imitating snoring*] Phot a slaping beauty. Now, little one I know that thim kind of cloties don't fit you. I have brought you a new suit. Just step behind those bushes on the bank of the river and make your toilet. [*Nina takes bundle and retires*] Now for meself. [*Takes off his disguise*] We must fool this ould lady some way. Now I have it! A little romance once, in me loife. I am going to commit suicide. The shild committed suicide once and it didn't hurt her much. I guess we will try it again. P'le take me ould duds and hers pin a note to thim and put thim on the bank of the river here, thin they will be firing cannon; giving us a big salute, and dridge the river until they get tired, and the devil a wan of our carcasses will they foind. There's the pants, there's the coat, ould hat, but I haven't but the wan pair of butes. I must foind some ould ones to lay with that pile. I don't want me friends to think I died wid me butes on. [*Finds a pair of old boots*] Thim are large enough I giss. To make it sortin and specific I will mark the number on the soles. [*Makes fig 9 with chalk on the soles*] That was specific enough for the most fastidious. They rade number noins that way, turned up this way, sixes. Now I will indite me will. [*Takes paper and writes note and pins on clothing*] That was a foine pace of sherography. [*Reads*] "Moy Dear Mistruss Fortune Teller: Oi takes me pen in



hand to inform yees that you slape so long we are afraid ye be dead. We are so full of remorse and sorrow, and yees are so full of liquor, that we will go along widout yees. But we have concluded to not go by land, as you have done, but embark on the water route. As mysery loikes company, I phil take the shemalé boy along phid me. Good-bye. Oi River." How phas that for a college edecation, in a lawyers office. Me laddy are yees ready?

Nina. Yes, sir.

*Re-enter Nina dressed in pretty, girl suit.*

Miles. Phat an improvement that was. Oi tell ye we are going to have some fun. Sh, little one, run on and wait for me in the grove yonder, there issome one coming. [*Exit Nina, L.*] Now oi must dispose of these duds on the bank of the river. [*Takes clothes off, R. and returns*] Now for this pile of baggage. Oi will take her to one side. so that people passing along the road will not stumble on her. [*Drags Mother off, R.*] Now here comes me frind so foine that his mither wouldn't know him. [*Retires.*]

*Enter Gust, R., in full dress.*

Gust. I peen all dright dese time, I pet you. I yoost peen so fine ven I valks mid mineselve into seen Rosena. I nix tole har who I peen at foorst. I vill tole her at der toor, mid der serfant on dese leedle baper carts, mid pencil writen on, dot I peen Schmidt. I yoost peen sonice und yenteel to efery poty vat I meets dot der laties vill schmile and say, "Fonder who peen dot sonifications of perfections dot vas." Here dey coom now. [*Aside and very polite while George, Ollie and several others pass over the stage from R. to L. Miles comes forward.*]

Gust. Goot evenen, Meister Miles. Maype you don't know me some more. [*Hands card*] I vas der same Gust Goldschmidt vat I peen on kister-day.

Miles. Bedad and ye are. But a little bit foiner. Phat is the matter?

Gust. Oh, not mooch der matters. I yuse taut I feex mineselve oop some leedle und go town und see Rosene dese efenin.

Miles. I suppose you know that her father was dead.

Gust. Deat! Den Rosena been ophan like mineselve.

Miles. Yes, and ould Elisha Miller is dead, also. He gave his intire fortune to Rosena.

Gust. Hoo—no, I vill not holler, for dot would peen pat respects for der memory of Elisha.

Miles. You will happen down at the house at the right time. Didn't you see some people pass along here just awhile ago.

Gust. Nice, goot looking young vomans mit em. Yah, I seen em.

Miles. They were going down to Miss Rosena's house phere, this evening, there is to take place a nuptial ceremony.

Gust. Nubtial ceremoneys. Vat kind of moneys vas dot?

Miles. I mane a phedding.

Gust. A veddings?

Miles. Yis. They were going down to see Miss Rosena Miller married to Mr. George Wist.

Gust. Holt on, Meester Miles, holt on. Now dot vas not so.

Miles. Yis, but I know it is so. I am a witness to the contract.

Gust. Meister Miles, I pets you apouet vonehoondret tollars. No foolishness mit me now. Now tole me some facts. Phere you not trying to choke me.

Miles. Perhaps it may choke you, but it was true nivertheless. They say he is marrying her for her money.

Gust. Forn her money's. Oh, yes, you tole me apouet dot.

Miles. George Wist was made the egsecutor of the will and her guardian. You see I have bin in his office all this time wid him, and am a purty good lawyer meself.

Gust. Is dot so. Vel I makes dot all dright. [*Hands Miles money.*]

Miles. Ye are still me brother. I sildom niver sharge for me advice whin

given to a parsonal frind. Well, old Elisha Miller, before he died, it is reported, told several of his frinds that he intinded making George Vist, the banker, his egsecutor of the will and guardian of the estate for Rosena, whin he should die. George Vist, the lawyer, wrote the will and his name appears in it as egsecutor of the will and guardian of the estate for the legatee, Miss Rosena Miller, aforesaid. Do you see the point I was driving at?

*Gust.* I dink I toes.

*Miles.* It is generally balaved he forged his own name to the instrument, and I balave it.

*Gust.* So did I. I pays you for dot peleif. [*Gives Miles more money.*]

*Miles.* Moi mind is now convinced on that pint.

*Gust.* Now, vot you say apouet dis? Vot peen der names again?

*Miles.* George Vist, attorney at law, and George Vist, banker.

*Gust.* George V—est, attorney at law, und George W—est, panker.

*Miles.* No, no, George Vist was the lawyer, and George Vist was the banker. It takes you Dutch a long time to learn the English language.

*Gust.* Dots vat I say, George V—est, lawyer, und George W—est, panker.

*Miles.* I am no school tacher. Have it your own way.

*Gust.* I dink I see der leedle boint in dot vill, und I poostid oop, so high ash a gite.

*Miles.* Everybody around here think you are dead.

*Gust.* Who sait I vas deat?

*Miles.* It appeared in the Standard, a paper published by George Vist and Company, that you had been robbed and your body burnt up in a house in California.

*Gust.* Vel, dot vas almost a fact vonce, poot it vas vone pig lie now. I tear hees baper und hees eyes ouet ven I seen him [*Bells ring*] Vas dot sooper times?

*Miles.* You will be too late if you don't hurry up. Those were the phedding bells. [*Gust runs off, L.*] Now for the fun. Bedad I must get the shild and hurry up. [*Jumps up and cracks heels together.*] Begorah, I'm in luck once more. [*Runs off, L.*]

#### SCENE IV.—WEDDING PARLOR.

#### *George and Rosena at the Altar.*

*Parson.* If anyone has anything to say, why this couple should not be joined together in the wholy bonds of wedlock, let them, now, speak out or forever after hold their peace.

*Gust.* (*Outside*) Holt on, holt on. [*Enter, L.*] How you all vas. I hef somedings vot I likes to sbeak ouet in dese meedings.

*Geo.* How dare you, sir!

*Parson.* Speak out sir.

*Gust.* I peleefe dese man peen George Vest?

*Geo.* No sir, George West is my name. George Vest you will find at his bank.

*Gust.* Dots vot I say. You vas der vone I wants to see. You I pelefe peen der egsecutor of Elisha Miller's vill.

*Geo.* The same sir.

*Gust.* Vel, now, I oxblain some leedle boint apouet dat vill.

*Geo.* Sir, how dare you come here with your insulting impudence. Leave or I will turn you out by force.

*Gust.* Mr. Vest, I hef some leedle force mineselves. Yoost you lay yourn hands on me und dese vedings vill boost up mid der peegeest foos you efer haf on your hands. Mr Barson, I wants to oxblain some leedle boint apouet dese vill he write. Elisha Miller vas a Cherman like mineselve vas und ven dese man write hees vill he say to him, make George West, the banker, hees egsecutor, und dese George Vest, the lawyer, stick in his name.

*Ros.* Sir, I am deeply interested in this. I begin to perceive that you are about to explain to me what has seemed a mystery.

*Gust.* Yah, dot peen me. I vas der mystery.

*Enter Miles, R.*

*Miles.* Ladies and gentlemen, you will please pardon my first appearance in court. You see this young gentleman has already retained my services with a v.

*Geo.* Get out.

*Miles.* Git out yourself! Poor land of liberty if a man arnt allowed to spake out whin his sarvices have been retained. Mr. Parson, I heard this young man trying to explain a lagal tecnicality a minute ago, but I don't think he made it sufficiently clare to your understanding.

*Parson.* Then proceed.

*Miles.* Mr. Elisha Miller, the deceased aforesaid, being a German like my client here, in trying to spake the English language—which originated from the Celtic—interchanged the V and W sounds, calling the banker George Wist instead of George Vist, his rale name, and whom he intended should be the egsecutor and guardian. Mr. Wist here took advantage of the lingual defincy of the Elisha Miller aforesaid and that is why his name has appeared in the will.

*Gust.* Dot vas der point. (*To George*) Done you seen it?

*Geo.* Who are you, to thus insult us with your slanderous presence. On with the ceremony.

*Gust.* Holt on a leedie. Petter go some slow. To you, I peen a tead mans, poot I vas vone ouf dose kind dot tole some tales you don't like to hear. I peen der ghost dot vill not town at your pidding. (*Aside*) Oh, she don't know me yed! Who else vas der to befriendt her poot me. (*Aloud*) To Miss Rosena, here, maype I peen a speerit, sent to prodict her from der fientish glutches of der vicked. Sir, I peen der man vot two ropers dit not kill. My name vas—

*Ros.* Gust Goldschmidt! Saved at last. [*Rushes to Gust's arms.*]

*Gust.* Dot vas a facdt. Ve all pen safed. Mr. Vest, you can dake some of Dr. Valker's prescriptions—his piters or a valk, as you choose. Rosena, ve vill now make heem pool down his vest fron dot vill. [*Geo. rushes out.*] Vere vas Nina? [*Rosena hangs her head sorrowfully.*] Speak out dear, I wants to seen her.

*Ros.* She—is—dead!

*Gust.* My Got in Heime! dot vas too awfully so. Kind Hefen only send her pack und dake all my vealth, for id vas ash noding mid ouet her.

*Miles.* My friends, it is sildom in the career of a lawyer like me that he should turn to the avocation of a necromancer, but I have been thrown among fortune tellers so much that I try my hand occasionally. Now be quiet and see what I can do. [*Motions with hands.*]

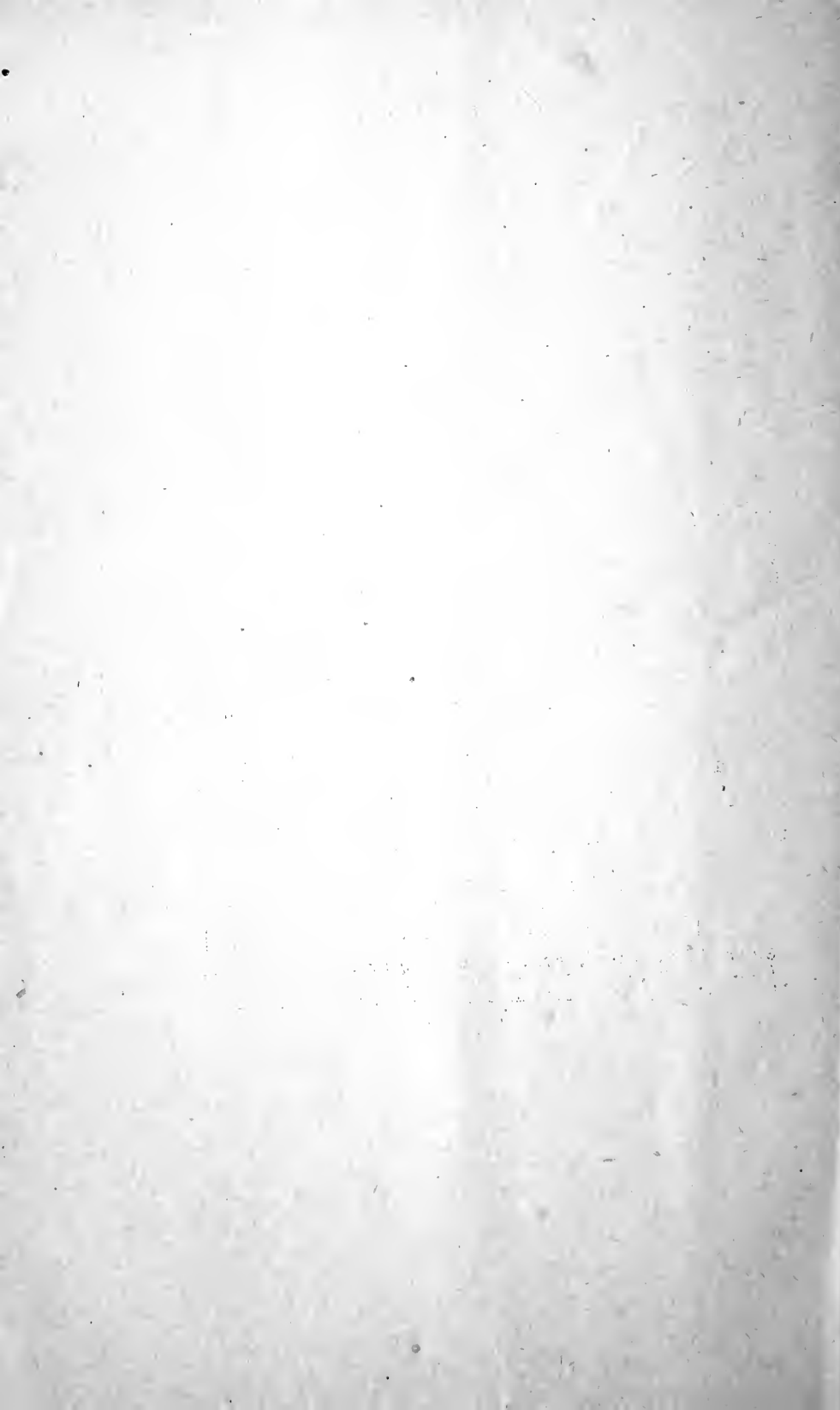
Rigery rag, rigery rue, may it be true,  
Out of the old man's shoe, up through the floor she flew.

[*Nina thrown up through trap from under stage.*]

*Gust and Ros.* Saved, saved. [*Embracing her while Miles dances.*]

*Gust.* Rosena, mid your gonsent und der beebles to der front, der ceremony vill now proceed mid ouet furder intrigue mid a lawyer.

CURTAIN.





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